## WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

**The Inhuman Manner In Which South Carolina Convicts are Treated by Contractors—A Strong Argument Against the Leasing System.**

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 8.—About the middle of June, Governor Thompson was informed that the convicts employed in grading the Savannah Valley Railway in Abbeville County were cruelly treated; that one convict had died in consequence of brutal whipping by the guards; that they were overworked, and that excessive mortality prevailed among them. The Governor immediately instructed the Superintendent of the Penitentiary to investigate the charges. The official report which has just been made shows that sixteen deaths have occurred since January 1st, out of a total force of about 120 convicts; that seven are unable to work; that the convicts are required to march nearly three miles to their work with shackles on their legs; that on account of the bad quality of their food scurvy has made its appearance, and that there has been excessive cruelty in punishing the convicts. In describing the effects of the beating of Henry Porter by A. W. Jackson, who had temporary charge of the convicts during the absence of the regular overseer, Dr. Pope, Penitentiary physician, says: "As evidence of the severity of the whippings inflicted, I would state that the tissues have sloughed, leaving an open sore eighteen inches long by ten inches wide. The punishment must have been very cruel. I doubt his complete recovery." Other convicts were also cruelly beaten, although the condition of those now at work is said to be very fair. Jackson, the inhuman guard, has fled to Georgia, but efforts are being made to secure his arrest. There is great indignation at these outrages, and steps will probably be taken at the next session of the Legislature to discontinue the practice of farming out the convicts to railroad companies and phosphate mines.

## THE CATTLE BLOCKADE

**Arising From the Enforcement of the Kansas Quarantine Regulations—The Probable Solution of the Difficulty by National Interference.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—Additional protests are constantly being received at the Interior Department from Texas cattle men against the Kansas authorities, who prevent Texas cattle from being driven through what is known as the Cherokee strip in the Indian Territory into Kansas. Secretary Lamar has repeatedly telegraphed that the cattlemen have a perfect right to follow established trails provided cattle are free from infectious diseases. It is on this point that the differences of opinion arise.

The law of May 29th, 1884, prohibits the driving from one State into another of cattle having Texas fever. The Kansas authorities assume that Texas cattle have the fever, and therefore have declared a quarantine of ninety days against all cattle from that State. As the cattle are driven north it is said the disease disappears, and it is to reach the Northern country that the Texas herders desire to pass through the Cherokee strip, but this strip is under the jurisdiction of the United States Court at Wichita, Kas., and the officials are upholding the quarantine declared by the State against Texas cattle. In this predicament the Texas herders appealed to Secretary Lamar and Commissioner Atkins, and both declare that the cattle should go through the strip in question on the established trails, but as the officials who were preventing the cattle men from following this course were not under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior, or Commissioner of Indian Affairs, no attention was paid to the directions of either, and Secretary Lamar has now asked the Attorney-General to instruct the United States officials to allow the cattle to go through the strip. As orders will now come from the proper source, it is probable that the difficulty will be finally settled.

## SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

**A Wife and Mother Put Aside For a Younger Love, Kills Her Two Children and Ends Her Own Life—The Horrible Sight that Greeted the Guilty Couple.**

EVANSVILLE, IND., July 9.—A terrible tragedy took place at Howden, Warrick County, thirteen miles northwest of this city, last evening. Jno. Hodgins, proprietor of a general store in that village, has been living happily with his wife and two children until three weeks ago, when a cousin of Mrs. Hodgins named Miss Ellen Snell, a pretty school teacher of Delaware County, came to spend the summer vacation with them. Although Hodgins is well advanced in years, a criminal intimacy soon sprang up between Hodgins and Miss Snell. This latter fact becoming known to Mrs. Hodgins, she yesterday morning ordered Miss Snell to leave the house, but Hodgins refused to let her go and insisted on his wife going in her place.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Hodgins and Miss Snell went out for a walk, and on returning in the evening found the house deserted. Search was made for Mrs. Hodgins and the children, which resulted in the finding of the mother back in the barn lying across the water-trough with her head down in the water. Further search found the two little children lying side by side with a gaping wound in their heads, whilst a bloody axe lying beside them told only too truly of the horrible deed.

The Coroner's Jury is now in session holding an inquest over the remains. Miss Snell is lying in a critical condition, the sight of the terrible tragedy and the knowledge that she was the direct cause of it having completely prostrated her.

**An Unwelcome Guest.**

VIENNA, July 9.—In an interview with Herr Vonn Szolgyenyi, the Under Secretary of State, a man of great influence, a correspondent gathered that Mr. Kelly's social position in Vienna would be decidedly unpleasant if his appointment is persisted in. Observations to this effect have been sent to Washington. At the same time, Herr Von Szolgyenyi thinks that the Austro-Hungarian Government will not absolutely refuse to accept Mr. Kiely as Minister from the United States. The final decision will rest with the Emperor.

**Divided On Cyclone Pits.**

CUMMING, GA., July 8.—There is a church in Milton County with a schism upon the subject of cyclone pits. It seems that many members of the church dug cyclone pits, which were considered by the majority of the church members as a flagrant violation of their doctrine and a temptation to God to wipe them off the face of the earth. As the pit-diggers were more fearful of cyclones than of the wrath of God, they organized themselves into a church under the name of the Cyclone Primitives, whereas the old church has assumed the name of anti-Cyclone Primitives, and proposes to take its chances.

## THE PRESIDENT'S PLUCK.

**Willing to Correct a Mistake When It Is Shown to Be One.**

He is a plucky man who dares acknowledge an error in the face of the whole world, and equally plucky who can not be driven from a correct decision, however misunderstood and misrepresented that decision may be. Yet President Cleveland possesses pluck of this sort in a remarkable degree. Mistakes he may make, but if these be clearly pointed out he acknowledges and rectifies them; commendable acts may be twisted into exhibitions of intent on his part to fall short of duty, yet he is not swerved from his course.

Take a few cases in point. His latest exhibition of pluck in acknowledging an error comes in the form of a revocation of an unfit appointment in Copiah County, Miss. After the commission had been issued, President Cleveland learned on good authority that the appointee had been in some way connected with the troubles of two years ago, and the appointment was promptly rescinded. That was a manly, straightforward acknowledgement of error. Not long ago a similar frank admission of mistake was made in recalling the appointment of Meirere. And it is noticeable that in neither case did the President attempt to lessen his own responsibility by any insinuations of carelessness on the part of his Cabinet advisers.

A sample of pluck illustrative of his determination to stick to right action, despite of all the forces which political hatred, misrepresentation and ignorance could bring to bear, has been shown right here in New England, in his course on the appointment of Hon. Eben F. Pillsbury. Every one knows what a storm the Republicans made against the appointee, and every one knows how readily some of the President's friends fell into the trap and joined the cry that the appointment was not a good one. Mr. Blaine's friends detested Mr. Pillsbury because he had been a life-long and troublesome political opponent; but they were shrewd enough not to give this as a reason, but to throw out insinuations that he was not politically honest. Many men and papers which would not willfully injure any man were taken off their feet and through ignorance of facts denounced the appointee most unsparingly, and attempted with remarkable officiousness to dictate a Presidential revocation of the appointment. President Cleveland had previously, however, inquired with care into Mr. Pillsbury's record and during the turmoil consequent upon the announcement of his choice he made renewed inquiry, and the more he inquired the better he was satisfied that he had made no mistake. His designation of Mr. Pillsbury to bear an additional responsibility was sufficient answer to those who had through lack of knowledge attempted to force him into acknowledging as wrong an act which he knew to be right.

This pluck is not without its compensations, though for a time some must be offended in all the cases cited. Those who witnessed acknowledgments of error as in the case of Meirere, and who have knowledge of the case, will be apt to say in cases where they are not acquainted with the facts, as in that of Collector Pillsbury, that continued approval by the President may be taken as ample evidence that the case is a meritorious one.—*Boston Globe.*

## A BREEZY SPECTACLE.

**Republican Anarchical Threats Not Disturbing the Country to Any Appreciable Extent.**

Thus far the country does not exhibit any great amount of alarm over the threats which are being rather liberally thrown out by Republican papers with reference to the action of the Senate next winter. These conjectural terrors, although couched in the most grizzly and blood-curdling vein, seem to fly wide of their mark, or, if they strike at all, to shiver upon an exterior which victory and possession and a clear conscience have conspired to render impenetrable. Altogether, it is a breezy spectacle in these piping summer days to gaze upon the average Stalwart, heated with anger and shaking his fist frantically at the Administration as it pours forth furious prophecy of what is going to happen when the Senate meets. It is only natural to find exquisite amusement in the situation. Lounging pleasantly on the shaded balcony and lazily watching a bevy of feverish creatures striving in the red-hot sun outside must be recognized by every judicious person as a very high order of luxury. One is willing to endure a little noise for such a consideration.

But, after all, what reason is there for supposing that the Senate will do such foolish things as are prophesied by the Republican oracles? It certainly could not have been expected that the President would appoint other than good Democrats to the positions at his disposal, and in this he has fully met public expectation. Why, then, should a Republican Senate complain and the noble army of Stalwarts writhe upon the outskirts? The President is simply realizing the logic of last year's campaign. The country announced its impatience of Republican rule and called for a change. The country commissioned Mr. Cleveland to conduct the transformation and he is calmly and deliberately discharging his trust. Why do the heathen rage?

To be sure, the strident Logan has succeeded himself, and his pent-up rhetoric must be aired. Similarly the Republicans are to have accessions from Oregon and New Hampshire. But all this argues nothing. The Republicans are not likely to invoke the judgment of the country on such an issue as that of antagonizing the appointments of a Democratic Administration simply because those appointments have been distributed in the Democratic party. The country has announced itself as thoroughly tired of Republican men and methods, and it would have been a species of breach of trust had Mr. Cleveland ignored a declaration so emphatic and so fervent. On consideration, we are inclined to assume that the Republican majority in the Senate will avoid doing any of the silly things promised for them by the small chorus of the discontented. That party has every reason to feel doubtful as to its grip upon popular respect and confidence. It will hardly imperil its feeble hope of recovery and rehabilitation by a display of purely insensate folly. Such a display would do no sort of harm to the Administration, while, on the other hand, it would make a very unfortunate exhibition of the Republican party. There is nothing so ludicrous and contemptible as the inability to bear defeat with dignity.

Let us hope—let us go so far as to assume—that the Senate majority will bear itself with fortitude and repose next winter. The Democratic party is on trial, and the Republicans, since they profess to desire nothing so much as a complete and searching test, can not do better than stand back and let the case proceed. Of course we know that Logan can not be wholly bottled up—that he must orate or explode; and we are ready to give him carte blanche right now. Logan has never been known to harm anything but the vocabulary or to terrify anything bigger than an echo. By all means let him uncork. And we are ready to extend this indulgence to any other smouldering volcano in whom the ebullition is dangerous or painful. But we shall have to see it in order to believe that the Republicans of the Senate will as a body countenance the silly and suicidal policy of anger and obstruction. It is a policy from which they have nothing to hope and everything to fear.—*Washington Post.*

## GIVING THE LIE TO PROPHECIES.

**Republican Prognostications Not Justified by Results.**

The admirable behavior of the people of the South under the Democratic Administration can not but be encouraging to an American statesman who desires the peace and welfare of his country above all the interests of party. All the Southern States are Democratic—and it was asserted by the Republicans in the late Presidential campaign that there was an alarming significance in this: It would make a Democratic victory and restoration a Southern victory and restoration. It would be a triumph of the South over the North—of disloyalty over Unionism. The South would dictate the Democratic policy, and through it govern the Union it had attempted to destroy. This was the repeated ding-dong of the Republican press all through the campaign of last summer, and even Mr. Blaine did not hesitate to use it in his Indiana speeches, as the shadow of approaching defeat made him desperate.

But what do we see? A Democratic Administration, brought in chiefly by the united vote of the Southern States, has been in power for three months, and the disloyal hurly-burly has not begun yet. There is no trace of it. There are not a fourth as many applications for office from the South as from the North. The three members of the Cabinet, Bayard, Lamar and Garland, representative Southern Democrats, are singularly cautious and conservative in the conduct of their departments. There are no indications of a hungry clamor from the South. Most of the respectable patriotic and capable Southern men appointed to important offices were appointed without their solicitation, and one of them, General Lawton, of Georgia, had the forbearance to decline an honorable and desirable position, in deference to Republican criticism. From the beginning the people of the South have exhibited patience, moderation, self-respect and a high patriotic respect of Northern opinion and the settlements of the war. Instead of haughtily dictating the policy of the Administration, as the Republican press predicted, we see them doing nothing more alarming than staying at home and attending to their business.

At no time, from the end of the war to the close of the Arthur Administration, was the South more tranquil than it is now. The spirit of the Southern press is temperate and fair; the relations between the races are growing steadily more cordial; the discontent and migratory movements among the colored people observed from time to time through Republican Administrations are no longer heard of. In one word, the Democratic Administration in the South has meant nothing but composure and contentment.—*St. Louis Republican.*

## THE LIVE DEMOCRACY.

**Reasons Why It Has Its Allies Among Young Men.**

The Democratic party has always included a very large proportion of young men. Even in those States where the Republican party was strongest the younger set of voters naturally identified themselves with the Democrats, and in New York, Indiana and the Southern States the young Democracy has been notably influential and wide awake. Why this should be is easy of explanation. Democracy is the rule of the people, and the term, therefore, is associated with the idea of life, liberty and progress. When the young man starts in business on his own account he naturally adopts advanced and sprightly methods of conducting his business operations—that is, if he is a young man endowed with the elements of success. So it is with the young voter. He naturally adopts live methods and casts his ballot with the progressive and popular party. The young Democracy is full of hope, enthusiasm, tact and unflagging energy. It is this element of the party that induces the leaders to undertake those great measures of reform for which there is so much need from time to time; it is this element that gives vigor and strength to the whole party.

The Republican party can never commend itself to the young men. It lacks the freshness, the snap and the high political tone; its policy is invariably in the line of fraud, and the only lively element in the party is found in the rings, and none but the most unscrupulous trickster is caught in the inner clique. The rank and file of the Republican party consists of old fogies while the leaders are often little better than thieves. Without resorting to fraud the Republicans could never have remained in power as long as they did.

The Democracy saved Virginia from ruin two years ago, and the young Democracy was conspicuous in the good work. The Democracy saved the Federal Government from wreck last fall, and the young Democracy was also conspicuous in that good work. And the young men of the party will be ready to enter the approaching campaign in Virginia this summer with the same enthusiasm which has always characterized them. The election will be an unusually important one, and every Democratic vote must be polled. It will be Mahone's last effort to revive the Republican party in Virginia. With a Democratic majority of 25,000 the State will be safe for some time to come, and the outcast will be compelled to remain forever in the rear.—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

—"Not fifty miles from London," *Truth* says, "there is a rural postman who, twenty years ago, was thought to be physically unfit for a permanent appointment. He was therefore made a temporary letter carrier. His wages are twelve shillings a week. He has to walk thirty-five miles a day. He is liable to instant dismissal, is not eligible for any pension and enjoys no annual holiday. In England we do not buy or sell our slaves; we only hire them temporarily."

## A MARRIAGE OF MUTES.

**Responding by Means of Signs—Description of the Contracting Parties.**

So prompt were they that the chimes of the Cathedral hard by musically spoke the appointed hour as bride and groom alighted in front of St. Paul's Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. But the silver-tongued bells that seemed to ring out for their wedding fell upon ears that had never heard earthly sound, though the lit faces of the affianced pair showed plainly that their hearts were listening to a voice that reached and thrilled—the voice of human happiness.

The groom-elect was Mr. Henry C. White, Chief Professor of the Department of Deaf Mutes in the Deseret University, Salt Lake City, and the bride expectant was Miss Mary E. Mann, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Mann, of the Mowry Car-Wheel Works. The gentleman is a deaf mute, the lady is deaf only and can speak fluently. He wore conventional black, the Prince Albert being close-fitting and adorned with a bright boutonniere. She was arrayed as brides in June should be, in one of those airy gossamer-like white toilettes, which men can admire but can not describe, and which seemed to be in keeping with the glorious bouquet of natural roses worn in the corsage. The scene in the church was impressive, the stained glass mellowing the rays of the summer sunlight and bathing the chancel in what could be easily imagined to be a religious halo.

Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, performed the ceremony in the ritual of the Church of England, translating it as he read from the book—held by Rev. A. W. Mann, the mute missionary for Ohio and adjoining States, who stood at his left and assisted—into the sign language, using mainly only the right hand. Though the Rev. Mr. Mann bears the same name as the bride only through coincidence, and is no relation, there was something in his demeanor that told of a special bond of sympathy between him and the occasion. He stood very erect and his towering figure and superb presence acquired additional effect from the striking manner in which he, with both hands, translated the closing prayer as it was solemnly read by Dr. Gallaudet. No spectator of quick apprehension had to be told that he, too, was deaf, almost a mute.

To the usual questions the bride and groom answered, "I do," by syllabling the words with the lifted right hand, which was gloved in white. Later, when they were invited into the chancel and joined right hands, they made the customary pledges of mutual love and protection with their left hands, Dr. Gallaudet dictating, and not using in this portion of the ritual the spoken words. When they had been pronounced man and wife, with both hand and voice, Dr. Mann eloquently followed with signs the closing prayer, as said, and then Dr. Benedict, the pastor of St. Paul's, who had stood apart in black cassock and sash, came forward to congratulate his fair parishioner and her husband.

The assembled company, many of whom were deaf mutes and some of whom had hearing and speech, separated deeply impressed, and the bridal party proper of eleven people repaired to a nuptial dinner at the St. Nicholas, tendered by the father of the bride, who lives upon the Torrence road, and who had given the bride away at the church. The happy couple left in the evening for Salt Lake City, followed by many a silent benediction.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

## CONVICT'S SIGNALS.

**How Prisoners in Solitary Confinement Communicate—Unique Telegraph System.**

An impression prevails that when a man is sentenced to a term of years of solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary he is literally cut off from all communication with the outside world and during his term of imprisonment he knows nothing of the movements of the uncaged contingent of his fraternity. To an extent this is true. He is only permitted to talk with the warden, chaplain, and inspectors of the prison, but he hears none of the gossip of the outside world through them. Sometimes a gang of his more fortunate fellow-convicts file by and wake the echoes of the dismal corridor with the rhythm of the "lock-step march," but they are not permitted to speak to the "solitaire." Notwithstanding all this, the prisoner sentenced to "solitary confinement, with hard labor," manages to keep himself as well posted at least with the doings of his fellow-convicts and the general affairs of the institution as any convict with more liberties and as well as almost any officer of the prison. This only applies to old lawbreakers, as only such are sentenced to solitary confinement.

This communication is effected by communicating with each other from cell to cell and from corridor to corridor. During the past twenty years various means have been devised by which the convicts could communicate with each other and keep posted as to the movements of the criminal classes and their enemies. The first and best known was that of "sending the mail." The convict who first introduced the scheme was not in solitary confinement and was employed in the shoe factory. He had occasion to send a communication to a "solitary" prisoner, confined in a cell in the same corridor. While at work he contrived to manufacture a square, waterproof, leather box, in which he inclosed a message scratched on a thin strip of leather. He then secured a quantity of shoe-thread and concealed the box and thread on his person. That night he carefully measured the width of his cell, and with this information was able to calculate to an inch the distance to his fellow-convict's cell. He then attached his thread to the box and measuring off the exact distance to his companion's cell, fastened the other end to a knob and deposited the box in the sewerage-pipe running through all of the cells. In the morning a stream of water is turned on in this pipe in order to flush it and this stream of water carried the box to the limit of the string, which brought it directly under the trap in the convict's cell for whom it was designed. The message was read and then thrown back into the pipe, through which it traveled to the sewer and thence into the Delaware.

The communication contained a well-formed scheme of escape, which was attempted, but frustrated. The secret of "sending the mail" leaked out, however, and after that and up to the present day many such mail-bags have traveled down the sewerage pipes of the Eastern and other Penitentiaries and plans of some successful and many unsuccessful schemes of escape have been communicated from cell to cell in this way. This system of communication, however, was fraught with many dangers, and at best was slow and uncertain and could not be extended beyond one corridor. The credit of the invention of the most perfect system of communication between prisoners confined in one institution belongs to Jack Canter, at one time the most expert counterfeiter in the United States if not in the world. He came from South Carolina and was educated in Paris as a physician. He afterward learned the art of engraving and then turned out as a professional counterfeiter. He has since reformed, after exposing the crookedness of the officials of a New York Penitentiary and thereby securing a pardon, and is now earning an honest living under a different name in New York city.

While undergoing a sentence in the Eastern Penitentiary he invented a system of telegraphy with a system similar to that of Morse. He found means of teaching his alphabet to some of his fellow convicts, and in the course of a few months it was known to almost every convict undergoing a long sentence. Those who were released taught the system to criminals then on the outside of the walls, and in course of time the upper strata of the criminal fraternity became expert telegraphers. The wires of this novel telegraph line consisted of the gas and water pipes which pass through every cell in the vast institution. They are excellent conductors of sound, and by means of sharp raps on the pipes with a piece of metal, or even the knuckles, an expert "operator" could easily and quickly send a message to a fellow-prisoner whose cell was not far distant. If he wished to communicate with a man in another corridor his message passed along from one cell or "relay station" to another until it reached its destination. Every convict of any note had (and has) his "call," the same as operators along any telegraph line.

The system was divulged by its inventor to a prison inspector and the convicts now find it difficult to send any important message, as the prison officials now understand the alphabet as well as the operators themselves. They are still able, however, to keep each other posted on the movements of noted criminals and the general criminal topics of the day. When a prisoner is discharged or a new convict brought in the fact is immediately telegraphed around. A new arrival, if he is in the secret, "wires" the news of the outside world to the prisoners on the inside, and when a man is discharged he generally takes with him a number of "telegraphic" messages to outside friends of the convicts.

Another means of communication employed by the convicts was recently discovered in a Penitentiary in a neighboring State. Two men, sentenced together to solitary confinement, were placed in adjoining cells. One of them, by patient labor and the aid of a piece of wire, picked the plaster out between two stones in the wall between the cells. During the day he replaced the mortar with crumbs of bread. In the course of a few weeks he bored a hole through to the adjoining cell and every night held a conversation with his partner in crime. The latter in turn bored a hole through the next partition wall, and in course of time all of the prisoners on that corridor were in communication with each other and a plan of escape was hatched out, but frustrated just before it was to be put in execution. These are a few of the more ingenious plans devised by convicts of communicating with each other.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## TRICYCLES.

**Especially Adopted For Women—A Healthy Amusement.**

Although tricycles have been ridden by women for some time, yet the amusement (one of the most conducive to health ever introduced) has not increased in popular favor as much as it deserves to do. Lawn-tennis, introduced about the same time as the tricycle, is played by almost every one, despite the numerous cases in which injury has resulted, and one explanation of this may be that whereas a good raquet costs at most $5, yet a good tricycle can not be obtained under twenty times the sum, and this item, to very many in these hard times, is a consideration. Another cause is the excessive disfavor with which a large section of society still regards the exercise. To hear the opinions of some people, it would appear to be almost criminal for a girl to appear on one of "those velocipedes," and the most unfounded charges are trumped up. For example, one wise person asserts it injures the spine. In very many cases, persons suffering from spinal affections have been able to ride tricycles when the jar of a carriage was insupportable, and, moreover, have derived great benefit from it.

Another objection is that a tricycling woman must be "fast." The reason why is not very clear. Tennis-players are not considered so, neither are all who ride on horseback. The reason for this opinion must lie in the fact that some "fast" girls have been very ready to adopt this mode of traveling, being rapid; and so their steady sisters who adopted the exercise for the good of health are given brevet rank as such.

Another objection much urged I most cordially indorse. "They are all very well in the country, but not in the streets of the city. The advantage of a tricycle consists in the long country rides in quiet lanes, inaccessible to the walker. A trip of twenty or thirty miles—an impossibility to the walker—is a mere bagatelle to the tricyclist. Luggage to a limited extent can be fastened behind, which would be simply intolerable if carried.

The foregoing are some of the more common objections to the use of the tricycle. Many eminent doctors not only approve of their use as beneficial, but also prescribe them. For persons who suffer much from nervous headaches, they are very good. The smooth, gliding motion at once soothes and cheers the rider, whereas the jar of a wall would increase the evil tenfold. They are good for promoting the circulation, and, with ordinary care, are first-rate preventives of cold.

The tricycles most suitable for the use of women are the side geared ones. Those centrally geared can be used, but the first-mentioned are the most desirable, the central frame in the other kind dividing the skirt and causing an ugly appearance from the rear. —*Chicago Tribune.*

—We have heard of a man being assaulted with almost every conceivable weapon, from a lighted lamp to a brickbat, and we even recall an old song in which the singer was wont to threaten to strike his audience with a feather or to stab them with a rose; but it remained for a Cambridge young man to be fined for assaulting a lady with a sunbeam reflected from a mirror held in his hands—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

# READING FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE SIX LITTLE FLIES.

Three little flies in the room, on a pane—
Three little flies just outside, in the rain.

Said the three little flies as they hummed on the pane
To the three little flies who were out in the rain:
"Don't you wish that you were on this side of the pane,
Instead of out there in the cold and the rain?
And then we must tell you there's dinner a-cooking,
Though really and truly we haven't been looking."

Said the three little flies outside in the rain
To the three little flies inside on the pane:
"We think it's much nicer out here in the rain
Than shut up where you are, inside on the pane;
And then there's more fun than the boys have at ball
In dodging the rain-drops as fast as they fall."

And now I am sure that my lesson is plain:
Whenever you feel there is cause to complain,
Remember the three little flies on the pane,
And the three little flies just outside in the rain.

—*D. C. Lockwood, in St. Nicholas.*

## "GOING TO."

**Hervey's Great Failing and Aunt Edith's Advice—How to Be a Doer.**

I shall not pretend to tell how many figures there were across the slate. If you have ever puzzled over long examples, as Hervey was doing over one which had kept him busy, without result, for an hour, you may, perhaps, sympathize with him.

Hervey now frowned at the figures, over at the goldfish in the globe and up at the frescoed ceiling over his head. He gave a weary sigh, drew a long, idle, discontented breath. Then he started up and bent over the slate, and multiplied, and divided, and did all that the puzzling example required until the last figure was down as it should be, and he leaned back with a gay little whistle and a pleasant face.

Aunt Edith roused up from her bit of a nap, and looked to see what the boy was doing. Likely she was thinking, and sighing, saying to herself: "Whistling as usual, instead of working," but she only closed her eyes again, and Hervey came and stood beside her, folding his arms in a resolute fashion and looking—well, not exactly like the usual Hervey.

"Auntie," he said, glancing rather at the floor than at Aunt Edith's face, which now lighted up with a half-waking, loving smile, which belonged to Aunt Edith herself and to nobody else—for who had a smile like Aunt Edith's sweet smile—"Auntie, it is mean and miserable to be an intender."

"A what, dear?" inquired Aunt Edith, not understanding.

"An intender."

"And what is an intender, dear?" inquired Aunt Edith again.

"An intender is somebody who means to do things, but does not do them."

"What kind of things?"

"All kinds of right things."

Poor Hervey. How sorry Aunt Edith was over him every day. He intended to be early at breakfast; he intended to say his verse before eating, punctually and promptly; he intended to be diligent at school, patient with his schoolmates, observant of rules; he intended to be studious at study hour, obedient at all times. No one ever heard Hervey refuse to promise to do right, but—Auntie could not help knowing that Hervey himself was an intender.

"To do is better than to intend to do, dear," replied Aunt Edith, a little sadly.

"You do not say an intender is mean and horrid, because you know I am one."

"You are young, dear; you do seem likely to be an 'intender,' but I have faith in you to believe you will be a doer."

"What makes you think so, Aunt Edith? I disappoint you every day."

"I think so because you are not happy as an intender, and because you can not honorably serve our dear Father and be anything else than a doer."

"But, Aunt Edith, it is so hard to keep doing, and I don't keep on." Hervey half stamped his foot with the last words; he was so in earnest.

"No, you do not keep on."

"Then what makes you think I ever will?"

"It is impossible to love our Father and not do His will."

"But— may be I do not love Him." Hervey's eyes were bent to the floor and his lips quivered as he added: "How you believe in me," straightening up again and folding his arms tighter over his breast.

"Yes, I believe in you," said Aunt Edith; "you will not continue to be an intender."

"I have made you a great many promises; if I could think of them half the time I would keep them. Do you think I will ever get to remember them better?"

"Oh, yes; I am very sure of it."

"Do you know, Aunt Edith, I can not see how you can be sure of anything about me except that I am a miserable intender."

Aunt Edith was looking on the floor, she did not raise her eyes, she seemed to be deep in thought.

"How do you think I will get out of it all?" inquired Hervey, still standing with his arms crossed and a resolution showing in the whole boy, which Aunt Edith had prayed for every day, but had never seen before.

"Out of what, dear?" she inquired, with one of her loving smiles which told, without words, how dear he was to her.

"Out of all the 'intender' business."

"You will start by remembering one promise better, and after you have practiced upon that awhile you will remember another."

"What else?"

"You will overcome one troublesome habit, and then you will overcome another, and so on until you get to be a doer."

"I would like to be one all at once."

"A tree never grew to be a tree in one night; an 'intender' never grew to be a doer in one day."

"But I can try."

"By all means try to do right every minute of every day, but do not be discouraged if you only get along slowly for awhile."

"And you think I can be a 'doer'?"

"I never said so." Aunt Edith smiled at his puzzled face. "I said you would not continue to be an intender."

"Tell me how to begin; how to start to get out of it all."

"Are you ready to really begin?"

"I think so, Aunt Edith."

"Hang your clothes in your closet when you retire presently, instead of casting them upon the floor, and arise in the morning at the first call; pour the water from your basin after bathing, and leave nothing about your room which you should put away."

"But, Aunt Edith, that is such a funny place to begin; tell me some greater thing to do."

"We will come to greater things after awhile. Starting the day correctly has a great influence upon our ways all day long. You will, at night, feel the benefit of having begun in this funny place."

"But, Aunt Edith, tell me more things."

"Keep to these things strictly and perfectly for one week, and then tell me if the very effort to try to do them has not helped you overcome something else which you may think to be more important."

"Then you will give me something else to try over?"

"Yes, if you wish, but the days themselves and your own conscience will soon show you something else to try over."

"I never yet got much further than the promise, but, really, Aunt Edith, I always have meant it when I said it."

"Yes, but you did not mean it earnestly enough."

"I wish I could get made clear over again."

"There is nothing to hinder your habits being made over again."

"I mean they shall be, Aunt Edith."

"Then begin with the little things, one at a time every day. After a little while the right way will be the established habit, and it will be no more trouble to you then to do right than it is now to do wrong."

Hervey kissed Aunt Edith; he gave her a new, earnest, manly look which she carried in her remembrance many days. It meant a promise unlike the usual promises which Hervey had given, and with Aunt Edith, we will believe in him, and know that he will not continue an "intender," because love to God and manly resolution are all that are required to make any boy a doer.—*George Klingle, in N. Y. Observer.*

## AN OLD SCHOOL-MASTER.

**The Funny Way He Had of Rewarding Industrious Scholars.**

A hundred and fifty years ago, among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, there was a remarkable old schoolmaster, whose name was Christopher Dock. For three days he taught school at a little place called Skippack, and then for the next three days he taught at Salford.

Whenever one of his younger scholars succeeded in learning his A B C, the good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give his son a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were rewards. At various other points in his progress an industrious child in one of Dock's schools received a penny from his father and two eggs cooked by his mother. All this time he was not counted a member of the school, but only as on probation. The day on which a boy or girl began to read was the great day. If the pupil had been diligent in spelling, the master, on the morning after the first reading day, would give a ticket carefully written or illuminated with his own hand. This read: "Industrious—one penny." This showed that the scholar was now really received into the school.

There were no clocks or watches; the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament until all were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without mistake stopped reading and came and sat at the writing-table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called a Lazy Scholar.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made no mistake in their lessons. He marked a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had trying to go home without rubbing out this O!—*Edward Eggleston, in St. Nicholas.*

## TEACHERS.

**The Duty of Parents to Sustain Those Who Teach Their Children.**

It seems hardly possible that parents realize how greatly their influence is felt for good or bad (as the actions decide) in the minds of public-school teachers. Just in proportion as you lend your sympathy and sustain their efforts toward improvement in advancing the elements of knowledge among the pupils under their charge, just so much more energy and zeal will respond in the hearts of these public stewards, if so be they are worthy instruments, capable of sustaining their calling. Little wrongs—productive of serious results—have oftentimes thoughtlessly been carried on by parents, or other members of the family, canvassing faults or weak points which some one may have discovered about the person of the teacher in presence of children, the teacher's day pupils. Young minds are quick to take the cue and their actions will be molded accordingly.

Now if it be necessary to canvass the teacher, why not select some of the better points. Settle upon some act worthy of commendation, and instill a feeling of respect in the minds of these young pupils. Their actions rarely fail to impress the true valuation in which the teacher is held in the home circle. Home government has a powerful influence in the school-room. A well-trained child, one that is accustomed to obey at home, rarely ever gives trouble in a school-room. They may be mischievous and eager for fun, but not willfully ugly. Said an old and experienced teacher: "All I care to know of a child's home influence and surroundings is to live with it six days in the school-room."

It is the district's duty and obligation to support and sustain the worthy merits of their teachers. It is necessary to the teachers' faithful discharge of duty that they have the respect of the community wherein their labors extend.

The practice of allowing children to relate all the incidents that transpire during school and play hours, at home or abroad, should not be tolerated. Yet many parents do allow it, and even question them to learn full particulars in regard to childish differences, which are of universal occurrence when children congregate, and if left to die out of its own accord will produce but little disturbance, but if carried into the hands of other parties, the cry will soon be: "Behold what a great fire a little matter kindleth." "Consistency, thou art a jewel." Therefore, my friends, let us all unite in carrying out the principles of justice and mercy.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

—That is a droll story about a fellow on board an ocean steamer who sat off by himself and presented such a forlorn appearance that some ladies on deck thought they ought to inquire what was the matter. So one old lady approached and asked the lonely one why he was so disconsolate. "The fact is," said he, "I'm on my bridal tour, but I didn't have money enough to bring my wife with me."—*Boston Herald.*